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ACCOUNT

OF CERTAIN

PROCEEDINGS and DEPOSITIONS

Relative to the

CASE of Squire PAM.

From the Notes and Obſervations of

WILLIAM SINGLETON, PARISH CLERK.

AND

Publiſhed by Order of the Pariſh Clerks of the

CITY of *DUBLIN.*

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Printed in the Year MDCCLX.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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PROCEEDINGS AND DEPOSITIONS, &c.

Sycamore-Alley, Crown-Office, *April* 21ſt, 1760.

JOSEPH RIDGE Pariſh Clerk, PETER EGERTON, Pariſh Clerk, *&c. &c. &c.* together with PAUL HEMMINGS, Sexton, THOMAS GROLLIER, Sexton, JOHN WOODS, Sexton, JOHN BROWN, Sexton, and ANN JOLLY, Sextoneſs, of divers Pariſhes in and about the City of *Dublin*, having, in behalf of themſelves, and of ſeveral of their Brethren, preferred a Complaint againſt One *Squire Pam*, who falſely ſtyles himſelf *the Illuſtrious*, ſetting forth—— that ſaid *Pam* is a vile Impoſtor——that by Means of *his* wicked Practices they ſaid *Complainants* have from Time to Time ſuffered conſiderable Prejudice—that *he* never yet was known to ſhew the leaſt Senſe of Religion—and that they verily believe *him* to be an *Atheiſt*, a *Turk*, and a *Jacobite*—And that, all theſe Things notwithſtanding, *he* has within theſe few Days preſumed to impoſe on the Good People of *Dublin*, a Juſtification of himſelf and his Conduct, which, ſuch is his monſtrous Aſſurance, *he* pretends to call

a *Manifeſto* *, written in a very inſolent and lordly Style, and full of many black and dangerous Inſinuations, by which, were they to be admitted, not only ſaid *Complainants* may be deeply injured, but alſo the whole Community muſt neceſſarily ſuſtain great Damage—that therefore ſaid *Complainants* make it their humble Petition to his *Worſhip*, That ſaid *Pam* may with all convenient Speed be brought to Juſtice, and in due manner proceeded againſt, agreeably to the ſeveral Statutes, in ſuch Caſes made and provided.

ACCORDINGLY, ſaid Petition being maturely conſidered, it was ordered, that ſaid *Pam* ſhould have legal Notice, and be required at his Peril, to attend at ſaid Office on the Morrow, being the 22d. Day of *April*, 1760, at the Hour of Eleven o' Clock in the Forenoon; and that ſaid *Complainants* ſhould make their Appearance at ſame Time and Place, and then and there ſhew what Cauſe of Complaint *they* have to alledge againſt *him*.

April 22d. 1760.

PURSUANT to the above Order, ſaid *Complainants* made their Appearance this Day at the Hour appointed, and with *them* a conſiderable Number of other Perſons, who came likewiſe prepared to give in Examinations againſt the *Squire*. His *Worſhip* having taken his Seat, ſhortly after Mr. *Pam* alſo appeared, attended by a vaſt Retinue of both Sexes—gentle—and ungentle—in Lace—and out of Lace—Bullies—Waiting-Women—Lords—Valets de Chambre—Beaux,—Ladies of Quality—and Footmen.

SILENCE being proclaimed, Maſter RIDGE, after a very proper Hem, opened the Buſineſs of the Day, by deſiring Leave to obſerve to his *Worſhip*——that his Worthy Brethren of the City of *Dublin* had been pleaſed to appoint him their Spokeſman, on this important

* Vide *the Hawkers* paſſim.

portant Occaſion, not by reaſon of any Excellence he could preſume was in him, but rather, he muſt ſuppoſe, on account of his being the Father of the Pariſh Clerks of this noble City, having filled that eminent Station, Man and Boy, upwards of forty Years; ——— tho' indeed he muſt ſay, *who ſhould not ſay it*, that he had been favourably heard many Times, and by many great Perſons, wiſe Senators, and Right Reverend Prelates, who had conferred with him, and ſought his Advice, in Matters weighty and of public Concern; and that, as *deadly* an *Averſion* as he had to the ſpeaking of himſelf, more good Things had been *ſaid* or *ſung* by him, than by any other Perſon in the whole Kingdom of *Ireland*, his *Worſhip*, doubtleſs, always excepted: ——— That he hoped it would not be ſuſpected, 'twas from any Views of Intereſt he exerted himſelf in this Cauſe, as it was well known, that he was in a good ſnug way; that he *might* many Years ſince have taken the Gown, and have gotten a Pariſh ſome Miles from the City, had it been to his liking; but he could not think of burying himſelf in an obſcure Country-place, and of ſqueezing a ſorry Hundred out of hungry Tithes: ——— That, however, tho' he was above the World, yet much it grieved him to ſee, in his decline of Life, the Reſpect and Profits, which had, from Time immemorial, belonged to the Employment he had the Honour of being inveſted with, pared away by the Tricks of a *knaviſh* Impoſtor; and that, as he humbly conceived, if effectual Check was not immediately given to the Attempts, that were on foot, a Pariſh Clerk might as well reſign his Station, and *turn Curate*: ——— That the Grief he felt on this Occaſion affected him the more deeply, becauſe as his *Worſhip* muſt well know, in the Proſperity of the Brotherhood of Pariſh Clerks was wrapped up the Proſperity of the whole Community: ——— That, nevertheleſs, the wicked *Squire Pam*, making light of

all

all these Considerations—unconscious of Remorse, even after the many repeated Acts of Injustice he had already committed—and, worse than all, not having the Fear of his *Worship* before his Eyes,—had proceeded so far as to publish and cause to be sold by divers News-hawkers, in the open Streets, and in broad Day-light, a malicious and traitorous Libel, in which he bids Defiance to the whole venerable Body of Parish Clerks and their worthy Adherents, and even has the Presumption to insinuate, that he deserves the highest Honours for the mighty Services done by him to the Commonwealth:——But that, he promised to himself, they would be able to disprove these insnaring Suggestions, and to make it undeniably appear, that said *Pam* is the declared Enemy of the Public Happiness, and that *he* has been guilty of corrupting, plundering, and undoing, many of the Liege People of this Land:——That therefore it was their humble Request to his *Worship*, that he would be pleased to give a patient Hearing to what they had to offer, with regard to this Great Offender, and permit them to call forth the several Witnesses they had to produce in Support of the Charge against him.

His *Worship*, after having thanked *Master* Ridge for the satisfactory and modest Manner, in which he had delivered himself, gave Directions, that the proper Persons should take down the Depositions, and that the several Witnesses should be heard in whatever order the *Complainants* should think fit to produce them.

John Woods, Sexton, being accordingly produced, deposed—That he was well acquainted with Mr. *Pam*, and that, as fine a Spark as he now was, and high as his Pretensions seemed to be, his Condition some few Years ago was as mean as any Body's:——That he was well informed, he was not even a Gentleman-born; but that his *Mother* earned her Bread by hackling Flax, and his *Father* was a poor Linen-

weaver

weaver in the North of *Ireland*——that he remembered him, a ſhort Time after he was brought up to *Dublin*, in a very *ragged* Plight, and that he was even in Danger of *rotting on a Dunghill*, 'till at length he was charitably taken in by Mr. *Joſhua Kinnier* * of *Kilternan*, who was at great Pains to bring him to Good, and at laſt, by dint of *Drubbing* and *Milling*, got ſomewhat the better of his ſtubborn Diſpoſition, and put him in a way of doing well; but, after this, leaving *Kilternan*, and falling into the Hands of one *Fullerton* † of *College-Green*, he by ſome Means or other again received *vicious Impreſſions*, and turned out a *Fop* and a *Gameſter*.

Paul Hemmings, Sexton, deſired, that he alſo might be examined with relation to this Point; he ſaid——he had often ſeen him, when he lived with Mrs. *Fullerton*; that ſhe ſoon found herſelf under the Neceſſity of turning him out of her Doors; that after this he was brought to very great Diſtreſs, and for a Time even plyed as an *Errand-boy* at *Lucas*'s; but that he was ſuch a Numb-ſcull in thoſe Days, that he never was able to *carry a Meſſage in his Head*; but, ſhort as it might be, whoever ſent him, was always obliged to *write it down* for him.

Master Ridge than begged Leave to obſerve to his *Worſhip*, that the *Proſecutors* thought it beneath them to inſiſt any farther on Matters, which had only reference to the Birth and Education of the *Squire*; that for his Part he did not take a low Extraction to be any kind of Diſparagement; that—*Noble is, Who Nobly does*—and that his Motto ſhould always be—*Win it, and Wear it*——And that therefore they would

* Maſter *Singleton* willeth the Reader to obſerve, that this humane and worthy Perſon is Mr. *Kinnier* the *Paper-maker*.

† If any Perſon, ſaith Maſter *Singleton*, entertaineth Doubt concerning good Maſter *Wood*'s Depoſition, he is deſired to call at the *King of Hearts* on *College-Green*, where Mrs. *Fullerton* will inform him further.

would now, with his *Worſhip's* Permiſſion, go on to other Parts of the Charge, of much more Moment than any Thing, that had yet been offered.

THE Perſon, that now ſtood forth was, ANN JOLLY, Sextoneſs, who depoſed—that ſhe had for ſeveral Years been in comfortable Circumſtances, as any in her Station in Chriſtendom; until, on an evil Hour, this audacious Mr. *Pam*, by what Means ſhe knew not, had wrought himſelf into the good-liking of the People of her Pariſh—that Time was, when ſhe had many a bountiful Cuſtomer, Lord *Lace*, Sir *Harry Faſhion*, Lady *Glitter*, and many other pious Ladies and worthy Gentlemen, who often remembered her——that almoſt every *Sunday* ſome Strangers alſo dropped in, who never failed to acknowledge her Civility——that ſhe was ever remarkable for the Quickneſs of her Eye and her nimble tripping it along, when any Perſons of *promiſing* Appearance wanted her Aſſiſtance; and that the *leaſt Bit of Embroidery*, or even an *elegant Negligé*, were never ſeen to wait in the Iſle one Moment; ſo that ſhe was much reſpected by all, and was generally known by the Name of the *Courteous Sextoneſs*——but that now, ſince the *Squire* and *his wicked Accomplices* have got Footing among the Families of Diſtinction, ſhe has ſcarcely any to attend but the Wives and Daughters of Merchants and Tradeſmen; and that, even among them, they, who pretend to genteel Life, chooſe not to ſhew themſelves in a Place, where it is no longer faſhionable often to appear—by reaſon of all which, ſhe ſafely can proteſt, her Profits have this Seaſon fallen ſhort, by more than one Third, of what they were accuſtomed to be.

PETER EGERTON, Pariſh-Clerk, was heard next—he declared—that by the impious Suggeſtions of ſaid *Squire Pam*, as he verily believed, both he and the Doctor had been defrauded of a very large Part of their Property——that the Liſts of Births and Marriages were amazingly decreaſed within this Year; and

and that for theſe ſix Months paſt hardly had there been a Marriage-Fee to be had; all which, on the Word of a Pariſh-Clerk, he ſolemnly declared, was owing, he was well convinced, to the Practices of ſaid *Squire*, who had ſo entirely poſſeſſed the Minds of his fair Votaries, that it was not poſſible for ſo much as a tender Thought to get Admittance there——that his Proportion of the Loſs ſuſtained ſince *Michaelmas* amounted, at the loweſt Calculation, to not leſs than eleven Pounds thirteen Shillings and four Pence, and that *his Reverence* had loſt much more conſiderably.

It was then deſired that Doctor Fairchild ſhould be called, who ſtepping forward was pleaſed to ſay——that he but too well knew, to his own Coſt, the Truth of honeſt *Egerton*'s Depoſition——that ſcarcely any now had Occaſion for him, above the Station of a Parſon's or Shop-keeper's Wife, by whom his *Worſhip* well knew little was to be had—ſo that, thro' the Decreaſe of teeming Women among the People of Faſhion, he muſt have been obliged to have laid down his Equipage, were it not for a private Lying-in, which he has now and then the good Fortune to light on.

The next Evidence was Thomas Grollier, Sexton—his own Loſſes, he ſaid, tho' not leſs conſiderable than thoſe of his Brethren, he would not inſiſt on—neither would he take up his *Worſhip*'s Time with a long Detail of all the Miſery and Diſtraction Mr. *Pam* had occaſioned in almoſt every Family throughout the Pariſh, to which he belonged——but that, what ſtuck with him moſt was the Affront, which by Means of his wicked Intrigues had been thrown on two of the loveliеſt Girls under the Sun, Lady *Eugenia Lively* and Miſs *Amanda Artleſs*; that among their many Admirers Sir *Charles Sportly* and Colonel *Taſte* had long appeared foremoſt; and the Report was, that both Matches would ſoon take Place——but, unluckily, the two Gentlemen having fallen into Com-

pany with this profligate *Squire*, he made them believe a Story of a Cock and a Bull, and gat them away with him to an infamous Houſe, where he ſeduced them into an Intrigue with three or four Kinſwomen of his—Ladies of Quality, as he pretended, and with fine ſounding Titles, forſooth!——but in Fact *mere painted Drabs* *, and *not worth a Groat*, who are every Day flaunting it about with Fellows, and whoſe Favours, if they are not much belied, may be purchaſed by any Reptile, who ſhall think them worth bidding for.

JOHN BROWN, Sexton, depoſed——that he verily believed Mr. *Pam* was a Witch, and dealt with the Devil, elſe a Fellow like him never could take in People in the Manner he has done——that Lady *Tremor* of his Pariſh, who for thirty Years was hardly known to miſs Prayers one Day, is now ſo infatuated by this ſame *Squire*, that ſhe has not been ſeen at Church above twice theſe ten Weeks; that ſhe never is eaſy without him, and that ſhe cannot bear the Company even of her Grand-Children, except he is by; that it is ſaid ſhe has him often with her at improper Hours, and that——tho' far be it from him to think Harm of a Lady of her Quality and her Years—the Family are all of Opinion, the *Squire* and *her Ladyſhip* are no better than they ſhould be.

PRETTY Mrs. TRIMWELL the Milliner was now preſſing to get forward, when his *Worſhip* gave Directions that ſhe might be permitted to advance, and deſired to know, had ſhe any particular Buſineſs with him.———My Buſineſs, pleaſe Your Worſhip, is to demand Redreſs againſt that Wretch, that ſtands before you, that wicked Enemy of all Induſtry. I am ſure,

* It is Maſter *Singleton*'s earneſt Wiſh, that the Directors of the Watch may pay proper Regard to what good Maſter GROLLIER here relateth, and endeavour to ſecure theſe dangerous *Jezebels*: he is informed, that the before-mentioned Mrs. *Fullerton* can direct to the very Place, where they may be taken up.

ſure, he has done me ſuch Miſchief by the Notions he has put into the Heads of People, and by the Irregularities he has brought into Vogue, that I may as well ſhut up Shop, if he is ſuffered to go on thus. But laſt Week, pleaſe Your Worſhip, going to wait on Lady *Riot* between twelve and one o'Clock in the Day, and finding the Door and Windows all faſt, I concluded the Family were in the Country, when in Fact they were only a bed; by which I diſappointed her Ladyſhip, and loſt one of the beſt Cuſtomers I ever had. And—to mend the Matter—Lady *Townly* declared to me yeſterday, that ſhe never will employ me more, while ſhe lives, for having had the Aſſurance to knock at her Door about two Days ago at full Two o'Clock, which ſtartled her Ladyſhip out of her Sleep, and frighted her to that Degree, that her Heart——ſhe thought——would beat itſelf to Pieces. And upon my endeavouring to hammer out an Apology, I was a *low-bred Thing*, ſhe ſaid, and bad me get out of her Sight.——If therefore, pleaſe Your Worſhip, ſo it is, that Mr. *Pam* cannot be puniſhed like another Felon——for the Town has it, and to be ſure Your Worſhip knows how it is, that *he is under Protection*——will Your Worſhip be ſo kind to us poor People, as to ſpeak to my Lord Mayor, that he may ſend out his Proclamation, and order it not to be Day till ten o'Clock, and not to be Afternoon till after ſix?—which will be of great Benefit to many an Ignorant Body, and put it out of the Power of Mr. *Pam* to ruin us altogether.

Doctor Narcotic was the next Witneſs that appeared: He charged the *Squire* with being a vile intruding Quack; and declared that by his interloping he had already loſt half of his moſt beneficial Patients——that even Mrs. *Languiſh*, who theſe ſeventeen Years had not enjoyed a good Night's Reſt, without being indebted to him for it, had been over-perſuaded to try Doctor Pam's *Quieting Draught*, as the

preſuming Coxcomb, who was not ſo much as a *Licenſed Accoucheur*, had the Impertinence to call it;—and that Lady *Fanciful*, who ever ſince her Marriage had never been without twenty and ſix different Diſorders, and could not live a ſingle Day except ſhe ſaw him, had got a Pot of the Puppy's *Reſtorative*, and conceited truly, ſhe was wonderfully mended by it.

In due Form after the Doctor moved on Ebenezer Apozem the Apothecary——there were, he ſaid, ſo many poyſonous Noſtrums introduced by this raſcally Mountebank, that the Trade of the honeſt *Pharmacopoliſt* was not worth attending——that all his *Chronical* Cuſtomers were going from him—that his very beſt Friend, Lady *Nervous*, who uſed to fall into *Hyſterics* every high Wind that blew, had ſent home unopened the laſt Bottle of *Caſtor-Drops*, that had been made up for her—and that Miſs *Flimſy* had left word at his Shop that Morning, that ſhe would not have Occaſion for any more Hart's-horn.

The next Witneſs was Zachariah Butterfield, of *Ormond-Market*, Butcher:——All the Grievances Your Honour has had an Account of, ſaid Mr. *Butterfield*, are light in compariſon of what I have to lay before you. It is not a trifling Loſs, like that the People of the Church and Mr. Phyſic-man there were telling you of—the Loſs of an odd Joint—of a Penny in the Pound now and then—that I have ſuſtained by the Tricks of this ſubtle Villain—No—he has undone me outright, pleaſe Your Honour, he has made a Beggar of me.——Your Honour need not be told, I dealt largely; and my Subſtance I chiefly truſted—as I thought I ſafely might—in the Hands of Great Folk. I own it pleaſed my Vanity to have Lords, and Ladies, and Squires of Diſtinction, for my Cuſtomers.——Lord *Wealthy*'s Bill of Fare to be left with Mr. *Butterfield*——The Countels of *Pmical* cannot touch any but *Butterfield*'s Mut-

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ton—*Butterfield* to have Notice that the Caſtle-People dine at Lord *Courtly*'s next *Tueſday* ſev'n-night.——And ſo have I been taken in. I loved the *Muſic*, and it ſeems I muſt pay the *Piper*.——In a Word, pleaſe your Honour, I have a large Sum of Money to make up for Mr. *Stockwell*, the Saleſmaſter, which he muſt have by *Saturday* Morning at fartheſt, or *Butterfield* muſt off the Sod, this Face muſt never ſhew itſelf in *Smithfield* more. And tho' I have ten Times the Money due to me, not a Doit can poor *Butterfield* get. At every Door the ſame fine Story!——Mr. *Pam* has not left them a ſingle Guinea.——Nay, for the moſt part there is not even a Sight to be had of either Lord or Lady. I ſuppoſe they are aſhamed of themſelves. For I know it by myſelf now——*Poverty makes People ſhame-faced.* Yeſterday indeed, with Difficulty, I prevailed on honeſt *John* the Butler, to go in to his Maſter, Lord *Cravingſborough*, and give him ſome Account of my diſtreſsful Condition. And what does your Honour think, my Lord ſaid? for I heard him, as I ſtood in the Hall.——Break, *John!*——Rot him—ſurely the Raſcal is not ſetting up for a Gentleman, that he has the Impudence to talk of breaking!——However—to comfort him—tell him, he may break as faſt as he can——there is *Elegance* in it.——Thanks to honeſt *Pam*, he will have enough of his Betters to keep him in Countenance.

John Peel, the Baker, likewiſe made Oath—that he had been every Day theſe two Months paſt looking for Money among his Cuſtomers, Sir *Dudley Wager*, Counſellor *Hoyle*, Lady *Midnight*, and other Perſons of Rank and Fortune, and that he had been credibly informed at every one of their Houſes, and did verily believe, that the Money belonging to ſaid Perſons had been all embezzled and carried away by *Squire Pam*; by Reaſon of which, he ſaid *Deponent* and Family are utterly ruined, and will probably in a

Day

Day or two be turned out into the Street, an Execution having this very Morning been taken out againſt him at the Suit of Mr. *Engliſh* the *Corn-Merchant*.

MR. CREDIT the Clothier, Mr. NORTH the Linen-Draper, and ſeveral other Perſons in Trade, were ready to depoſe to the ſame Effect, but his Worſhip obſerved to them that, as to this Point, what had already been given in Evidence was full ſufficient, and therefore it was needleſs to trouble them.

THERE advanced then a Perſon, who by his wretched Garb ſeemed to be of the loweſt Claſs of Street Beggars; and being aſked his Name.—It is, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, anſwered he, poor DENNIS FLAGHERTY himſelf. I have brought my Grievances to your Worſhip, as well as the reſt of them. Stay till you hear all the Story, I have to tell you about that vile Man there, Mr. *Pam*.—Faith and ſure, it will be bad enough with him then, I believe.——— I held Land, pleaſe your Worſhip, under his Honour Squire *Rackit*. And in troth, a dear Bargain I had of it. But I was at it late and early; and ſo little by little I got a brave Place of my own, and a Stack of Corn, and four Cows, and nine or ten Sheep, and it was doing finely with me.——But ſo it was, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, his Honour Mr. *Rackit* muſt needs go to Town for to ſee ſome great Body or other, and there he took up with bad Company—and the bad Company brought him acquainted with Mr. *Pam*—and Mr. *Pam* got into Favour with his Honour——for we had it all amongſt us in the Country,——and his Honour made Mr. *Pam* his *Receiver*—and Mr. *Pam* put his Honour on making the Tenants pay their Rent, as ſoon as it came due. And ſo, as Times were hard, and Corn bore no Price, and I could not get the Cattle ſold till Candlemas-Fair, Mr. *Pam*'s People fell on us a Week and two Days after *November* Pay-Day, and Sold the Corn, and drave the Stock, and turned *Peggy* and the Children and

myſelf

myſelf out of the little Cabbin, which laſt Harveſt was Twelve-month I built with my own two Hands. ——Indeed, an' pleaſe your Worſhip, only to be ſure your Worſhip is a *Great Man*, t'would have made your Heart bleed to have ſeen us.——Poor *Peggy* took ſuch Grief on it, that ſhe died before *Chriſtmas* Day. And the Children are now lying on a wiſp of Straw in *Thomas-Street*. The People tell me, your Worſhip can put them into the Poor Houſe. Bleſſings on you, and do, an' pleaſe your Worſhip. In troth, *Thady Byrn*'s are there already. And ſo are *Paddy Delany*'s too. For his Honour Mr. *Rackit* drave every one of us, and all by the adviſing of Mr. *Pam*, an' pleaſe your Worſhip. But if your Worſhip will do for the Children, and only hang Mr. *Pam*, *Dennis Flagberty* will pray for your Worſhip to his dying Day.

Mr. Worthy, who happened to be ſtanding by, deſired alſo to be heard a Word or two.—Tho', he ſaid, he had not been ſummoned thither as an Evidence, yet, he thought, in a Caſe ſuch as the preſent, Juſtice called on him——that he could from his own certain Knowledge affirm *Flagberty*'s Account, incredible as it might ſeem, to be all literally true——that he had for many Years been Agent to the Family of the *Rackits*, and was too long a Witneſs of the mercileſs Oppreſſions Mr. *Rackit* exerciſed over his Tenants—that it was not his Fault, if the Evil had not been remedied; but that, finding his Repreſentations ineffectual, he had given up an Employment, in which it was impoſſible for a Man of Humanity to continue——that young Mr. *Rackit* was a Gentleman naturally of a mild Temper and generous Diſpoſitions, but that thro' extravagant Living, and chiefly by Means of the ruinous Expences, which Mr. *Pam* and his Confederates had perſuaded him to think faſhionable, he had been compelled to ſeek to theſe barbarous Reſources——and what was moſt aggravating,

gravating, at the very Time he was thus wringing the *Life's Blood* out of the Hearts of ſome of the moſt uſeful of the Creation, he was laviſhing away Thouſands on the moſt Worthleſs.

The Proſecutors having gone through all the Witneſſes, that were thought neceſſary, his *Worſhip* now addreſſed himſelf to Mr. *Pam*, and aſked him, had he aught to offer in his Juſtification.——The *Squire*'s Anſwer was, that, only he had not been uſed to ſpeak in Public, he could ſay as much for himſelf as any Man; that—as to his Parentage—his Extraction could be traced farther back, than that of any Family in the World—and—as to his Education—he had travelled through moſt Parts--had kept the genteeleſt Company, that was to be had—and had been at the ſpending of as much Money, as any one living——and--if *all that* did not make a Man a Gentleman, t'were hard to know what could—that he had alſo ſeveral Perſons of Quality and Spirit, who did him the Honour to attend in his Behalf, and that if his *Worſhip* would be pleaſed to hear them, he could find their Accounts of him very different, from what that *Scum* of the People had preſumed to give.

Being deſired to call on whom he pleaſed, my Lord *Blood*--he ſaid—was there, and would ſpeak for him.

Lord Blood declared—that the whole Proſecution was a Plot contrived by a Pack of Scoundrel Parſons—that he had not paid them a Farthing of Tithes theſe ten Years, and—ſplit him—if he would pay them a Farthing—whilſt he lived——that *Pam* was a facetious entertaining Fellow, and worth ten Thouſand ſuch prating Prigs--and that he had rather ſpend Half a Score Days together in his Company, than half a Minute at ſtupid Church, or over any blinding Book in the Univerſe---confound him if he wou'd not.——and tho'--forſooth!--his meddling Neighbour there--the Biſhop of——

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He would have gone on—but—unluckily—his Lordſhip's Diſcourſe was cut ſhort by a relentleſs Hiccough.

She would endeavour to ſupply his Lordſhip's Place for a Moment—ſaid Mrs. Abigail Tarniſh, moving forward with a low Courteſie——that for her Part ſhe was—to be ſure—as *ready* as any Body to find Fault with her Betters, when ſo it happened that ſhe *knew* them to be in Fault—but, as to their Fondneſs for ſweet Mr. *Pam*, 'twas amazing how Creatures could be ſo malicious, as to ſay a Word againſt him!—that, if ſhe feared not treſpaſſing on the Patience of the Gentlemen and Ladies preſent, ſhe could talk the whole Day long of all the good Deeds of that excellent Man—but that ſhe would only take the Liberty to mention what he had done in her Family, of which ſhe herſelf had been Witneſs—that ſhe had the honour of having been *Companion* theſe ſeveral Years to Lady *Dinah Nicely*——that ſome Months after the breaking-off of a Marriage-treaty between her Lady and Sir *Harry Rover*, in which—by the bye——Sir *Harry* had behaved baſely, her Ladyſhip, who was then in the 27th Year of her Age, was ſeized with the moſt extraordinary kind of *Fits*, ſhe had ever heard of—the Phyſicians, ſhe ſaid, called them the *Virtue-Fits*—of ſo odd a Nature, that, if even ſhe ſurmiſed any ſort of Intrigue or particular liking between One of her own Sex and One of the other, ſhe immediately fell into the ſtrangeſt Horrors, and never ceaſed raving of the *Reproach* and *Infamy* and *Ruin*, that were to involve the *poor believing* Fair——that ſhe had known her to be *trembling* for a Month in every *Company* ſhe went into, becauſe ſhe had ſeen Colonel *Manly* and Miſs *Conduct* walk round the *Green* together——that Lord *Modiſh*'s whiſpering Miſs *Chitly*, at a Window oppoſite to her, had *frighted* her almoſt *to Death*——and that ſhe *poſitively* had *fainted away*

in the *New Gardens*, upon ſeeing Miſs *Flutter* in free Diſcourſe with a gay young Foreigner; who, upon Enquiry, was found to be no other than her Brother juſt returned from his Travels:——that even among the Servants of the Houſe, if ſhe ſaw *Harry* wink at *Jenny*, or *Dolly* ſteal a ſide-long look at *Ned*—ſure as a Gun her Ladyſhip had a *Fit*, and out of Doors the *filthy Things* muſt turn directly—not a Syllable of any of the good old Sports of BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF, or HOT-COCKLES, or HIDE-AND-SEEK, to be heard of at *Nicely-Hall*——that her Friends at laſt began to be very uneaſy about the Conſequence; for her Eyes, which were naturally fine, were now ſtraining into a *Squint*, and the farther ſhe advanced in Years, the *Fits* were the more violent—that they were adviſed to keep her to low Diet, and to make her live on Tea—but, whenever ſhe drank it, ſhe was *worſe*—that it was thought going abroad might relieve her——but, whenever ſhe went abroad, eſpecially into a *large Company*, the *Fit* was *ſtrongeſt* on her——that they then tried whether confining her at home would do, but, confine her as they would, her Imagination *ſome how or other* gat thro' the Key-hole, and away it gallop-ed—hither—and thither—and every-whither—and, what was worſe, never failed bringing home to her Suſpicions and Doubts and Fancies about Miſs *Prue*—and Couſin *Kitty*—and Lady *Rachel*—and this Girl—and that Girl—and this pretty Fellow—and that pretty Fellow—ſo that ſhe often conceited things, of which there had never been an Appearance, and put People together, who had not even ſeen each other——that, upon conſulting the Writings of one Doctor *Tillotſon*—ſome able Phyſician * abroad,—her Father,

* Say rather a *Divine*; as ſuppoſeth Maſter *Singleton*—tho' in what

Father, *Lord Nicely*, found it might be of Service to get her Picture drawn, and to make her look *on herſelf* ſeven Times a-day——that accordingly he got one *Edward Young* †, the beſt *Limner*—they ſay—that was to be had, to *draw her Picture*, but *Lady Dinah*—forſooth! would not be perſuaded it was drawn for her, and vowed there was not a Feature of hers in it—and yet, believe me, Gentlemen, was it a *ſtriking Likeneſs*—and when they put it up in her Dreſſing-room, juſt by her Toilet,—why—truly—ſhe hung her Straw-hat over it.——That, in the End, after having had Vexation upon Vexation, and Doctors after Doctors, and all to no Purpoſe, this very Mr. *Pam* had at laſt been brought to viſit her; that ſcarcely had he paid her three Viſits, when, whatever was the Remedy he applied, the Violence of her Diſorder began viſibly to abate—that he has now been attending her ſeven Months, and that ſhe is at preſent as much compoſed, and has as little Harm in her, as if ſhe had never had the plaguy *Virtue-Fits*; ſo that, tho' even her next-door Neighbour Miſs *Romply* went off laſt Week with *Dick* the Groom, ſhe has not been heard to mention her Name above twice.

John Vail Butler to Lord *Waſtely* then depoſed—that he never knew a *nobler* Perſon enter his Lord's Doors, than his Honour Mr. *Pam*, and that,

what Part of his Works that eminent Prelate recommendeth Picture-drawing, Maſter *Singleton* readeth not.

N. B. Madam *Abigail*, with all her pretending, is but an ill-read Woman.

† Maſter *Singleton* feareth much, that Madam *Abigail* has not been as conſcientious a Deponent, as ſhe ought. He has enquired diligently, and findeth, that there is one *Edward Young*, who has written a Poem intitled *The Univerſal Paſſion*, and other Poems alſo, not unworthy the Peruſal of any Pariſh Clerk; but that ſaid *Edward Young* was likewiſe in Repute as a Limner, he declareth, he believeth not.

let ſpiteful People do their worſt, he was ſure it would not be in their Power to hurt an Hair of his Head——that he was the beſt Friend the *Gentlemen* of their Family had ever ſeen, and that his own Gains from the worthy *Squire*'s Bounty had been ſo conſiderable this Winter, that he had lately refuſed a Pair of Colours in a young Regiment, and even a Surveyor's Place in the Revenue, as not worth his Acceptance——and that he hoped, before the End of the Year, he ſhould be able to purchaſe ſome genteel civil Employment, and——retire.

Lady Seemly appeared in her Weeds—ſhe feared—ſhe ſaid—*ſome People* might cenſure her for coming abroad in the melancholy Dreſs ſhe was obliged to wear——that indeed ſhe had not been guilty of the *Indecorum* of leaving her Chamber until that Morning——but that ſhe thought it her Duty to deſpiſe *Punctilio*, when the Safety of ſo dear a Creature was at Stake——that at the Time of her loſing her beloved Lord, it was well known what wild Diſtraction of *Grief* ſhe was in——nor did ſhe conceive it would have been poſſible for her to have ſurvived him, had it not been for the edifying Converſation of *that compaſſionate Friend*, who had never been from her one ſingle Evening from the Time of her Lord's Death.

Ebenezer Golconda, the Jeweller, gave it in Evidence——that of all the Perſons of Quality in the Kingdom there was not one had been of ſuch Service to People in Buſineſs, as good Mr. *Pam*, by the elegant taſte he had introduced——that at preſent the beſt-finiſhed and moſt coſtly Ornaments were not *in Faſhion* above two or three Months——that laſt Week he had bought for a Trifle the ſet of Jewels, which but laſt *November* he had made up for the Counteſs of *Hazard*——and that young Lady *Witleſs* had yeſterday prevailed

on

on him to take at fifty Pieces the Solitaire and Pendants, for which her Father Lord *Vainly* had ſome few Days before her Marriage paid him three hundred.

JONAS SQUEEZEWAX, the Notary Public, ſaid he muſt beg Leave to aſſure his *Worſhip*, that Mr. *Pam* was very far from being the Perſon he was repreſented——that Men in the Law-way never had a friend more zealous——and that by his *Recomenendation* he had filled up more Bonds and perfected more Mortgages during theſe laſt ſix Months, than ever he had done before in Seven Years.

TRISTRAM SABLE, the Undertaker, hoped his *Worſhip* was convinced, that nothing could have induced him to appear on this Occaſion, but his *conſcientious* regard to Juſtice——that he had often had the ſtrongeſt Proofs of the generous way of thinking and public Spirit of the worthy *Squire*——that he did not believe Trade ever had ſo noble a Benefactor——and that, at preſent he made by his Means above two hundred Pounds a Year more, than ever he had formerly done.

DOCTOR FEELOVE declared,——that in all the *great* Families, in which he was employed——and his *Worſhip* knew he was above being employed in any other——his Practice had been conſiderably promoted by ingenious Mr *Pam*'s kind Offices——that to him it was Matter of Amazement, how Brother *Narcotic* and Mr. *Apozem* could appear on the Side of the Proſecutors——and that he verily believed it would be impoſſible for the Faculty to point out One, to whom they were more particularly obliged, not even their old recorded Friends, SIR CORDIAL FIREBLOOD and Sir VARIETY LUSCIOUS.

THESE

THESE two laſt Depoſitions having occaſioned a doubt with Relation to what one * of the Witneſſes on the ſide of the Proſecutors had alleged, Counſellor CASE, who was retained in behalf of Mr. *Pam*, deſired that Maſter *Ridge* ſhould be aſked—whether *Deaths* were not productive of Fees as well as *Births* and *Marriages*--and if ſo--ſince then it appeared, that they were obliged to the *Squire* for ſuch a *valuable* Encreaſe of *Deaths*, how it came to paſs, that they charged him with diminiſhing their Profits?

HIS *Worſhip* having propoſed the Difficulty, Maſter *Ridge* made Anſwer---that the *Marriage-Fee* as well as the *Birth-Fee* was the *Parent* of many other *Fees*-----but that the *Burial-Fee* was a kind of *Docking*——'twas a Payment in full of all Dues paſt, preſent, and to come----it was like ſelling an Annuity for a Year's Income----every Perſon, the inſtant he was laid in the Grave, being, of Courſe, a *Church-Freeholder* by the Law of the Land--as may be ſeen, ſaid he, at large in *Coke* upon *Littleton*.†

THIS Reply might have put a modeſt Man out of Countenance; but the Counſellor without the leaſt Emotion looked over his Liſt, and deſired HARRY SPRUCE to be called.——What is your Profeſſion, Mr. *Spruce*?—I am, pleaſe your Worſhip, Body-Servant to Lord *Swinborn*——Look on the Perſon accuſed. Do you know him?——Yes, pleaſe your Worſhip, I know the worthy Gentleman——Worthy!——One of the worthieſt in *Ireland*, pleaſe your Worſhip.——Pray how ſo, Mr. *Spruce*?——Why, pleaſe your Worſhip, the whole Happineſs of our Family depends on him. Before *my Lord* had the good Fortune to get acquainted with the *Squire*, we had indeed a ſad Time of it, and of all Creatures living

* Namely Maſter *Peter Egerton*, as may be ſeen in the Eighth Page of this Hiſtory.

† Well ſpoken, worthy Brother RIDGE!—Be thou henceforth the *Flower* and *Paramount* of all Pariſh Clerks——ſo ſincerely prayeth thy aſſured Friend *William Singleton*.

living his *Lordſhip* was one of the moſt wretched,—he could not bear to be alone——and Converſation was *curſed* tireſome——for three Parts of his Time, pleaſe your Worſhip, he was either—yawning—and ſtretching—and wiſhing the damned Hours to the Devil for *not going faſter*——or abuſing the Servants ——ſo that except we could fix him with Captain *Toper* or Mr. *Guzzle*, we hardly ever gat to Bed without a broken Head or a Kicking——But *now-a-days*, pleaſe your Worſhip, quite another Matter——Mr. *Pam* has made altogether a new Man of him——No one more alive than his Lordſhip——No one better humoured—No one better Company—even the Ladies, who within theſe few Months were *Poyſon* to him, will he now ſit whole Nights with, and *peaceably* tumble into Bed at five in the Morning as ſober as your Worſhip is this Inſtant.

JACK DAPPER, who was the next Witneſs, depoſed——that in the Family, in which he lived, Mr. *Pam* had brought about a Reformation not leſs wonderful——that in the Time of Lord *Noble*, Father to the preſent Lord, their Houſe was a mere Hogſty; that not a Day paſt, but ſome dirty-ſhod ill-bred Parſon was there; and that his Lordſhip was even ſuch a low *Cit*, as to have his Hall filled with his Tradeſmen once every three Months, and to pay them off in Perſon——but that now, Thanks to Mr. *Pam*'s Inſtructions, they were in as genteel a Way of Life as Lord *Hurricane* himſelf—that not any Thing like a Parſon was ſuffered even to darken their Doors—— and, as for Tradeſmen, Lord *Noble* had that very Morning given him Directions to tell Mr. *Fairdealer*, the Mercer, who had the Impertinence to call with his Bill, that *he ſhould not ſee a Farthing of his Money theſe ſeven Years*.——I own, added Mr. *Dapper*, it gave me Pleaſure to ſee Tears ſtand in the Fellow's Eyes, when I delivered him the Meſſage. For——would Your Worſhip believe it?——the low Put had the *Sauci-*

cineſs about a Fo'rt'-night ago to refuſe *Jerry* a Cherry-coloured Sarcenet-Mantelet for his Girl, tho' it was to have been ſunk into my Lord's Account——And when his laſt Bill was paid, the poor Niggard had the Aſſurance to put us off with a *beggarly* Brace of Guineas.

It was then obſerved by Mr. *Pam*'s Lawyer, that after ſuch *full* and *exceptionable* Evidence, as had appeared in Behalf of the *Squire*, and eſpecially before a Perſon of his *Worſhip*'s ſound Underſtanding and inflexible Integrity, he was well ſatisfied, his Client's Cauſe might be ſafely reſted on the Depoſitions already made. But that, however, he would take the Liberty to requeſt the Indulgence of his *Worſhip*, with relation to one Witneſs more, in whoſe Power—he was inſtructed—it was, to clear up a Point of ſome Moment.

Call Ned Sly——Pray, Mr. *Sly*, inform his *Worſhip* what you know of Mr. *Pam*. Do you think, Sir, that the Scarcity of Caſh, at preſent ſo much complained of, has been, as ſome of the Witneſſes on the Side of the Proſecutors have taken on them to depoſe, owing in the leaſt to Mr. *Pam*, or to any Perſon or Perſons employed by Mr. *Pam*?——Mr. *Sly* anſwered, that he could on good Grounds declare Mr. *Pam* to be altogether innocent of the Matter——that he had within this Year lived in four great Families, with Lord *Buſtle*, Counſellor *Trapland*, Sir *Nicodemus Gamble*, and Lady *Decoy*, in every one of which Families Mr. *Pam*, far from being the Cauſe of the Scarcity of Money, was the only Cauſe of it's being to be had——that in the Morning, when Tradeſmen came, ſome of them almoſt on their Knees, begging for any Sum, *be it ever ſo ſmall*, nothing but the moſt lamentable Tale was then to be heard——Cattle dying—Tenants running away—Banks failing—the money all carried off, no one knew whither——my Lord undone—her Ladyſhip without a Shilling.——Where-

as

as in the Evening, ſoon as his Honour Mr. *Pam* entered——not a Word more of the *Diſtreſſes of the Morning*——Joy and Plenty ſeemed to have entered with him——and every Table was covered with Gold.

THE Buſineſs of the Day was now thought to be over, when a young Lady, of elegant Form, and in whoſe Face, tho' deeply impreſſed with Anguiſh, 'twas eaſy to trace the remains of ſomething exceeding lovely, advanced forwards from the Door, where ſhe had ſtood concealed among the Crowd, and deſired the *Juſtice* would be pleaſed to favour her with a Moment's Attention——I——My Buſineſs, Sir, relates to *that Deſtroyer* you have now before you. What you have heard of him, flagrant as it muſt appear to you, falls far ſhort of what he really is. You have ſeen in him—the Corrupter of Principle——the Plunderer of the Induſtrious—the Promoter of idle Life and waſting Extravagance. But know you, Sir, to what a Degree he is all this?——how wide he ſpreadeth his Contagion?——Know you, that he is the Bane of all Innocence?—the inſidious Murderer of all domeſtic Peace?——that there is neither Station ſo high, nor Fortune ſo ample, as to defy his Reach?——that he it is, that deſpoils the nobleſt Families of Property and Honour?——that turns out their wretched Progeny to the Scorn of a pitileſs World?——to all the Diſtreſſes of ſharp Want?—and often—diſtracting Thought!——to utter Ruin?——This Face of mine you ſeem, Sir, to have forgotten—there was a Time, when it was known to you——but, ſtrangely is it now diſguiſed and furrowed over—My Name, however, you ſurely muſt remember——I once was the happy *Arabella Novice*——married, in the Bloom of Youth, to a Man my fond Soul doted on——to a Man, poſſeſſed of every Excellence, that could endear him to

me——tenderneſs of Affection——unblemiſhed Manners—Complacency of Temper—Delicacy of Sentiment.——Our Fortune too was a noble one; and we were bleſt in a numerous Off-ſpring—three ſweet Boys, and as many Girls——to ſay all—we were the Pride of the Country around us, and for ſix Years never did Sun riſe on an happier Pair——Six ſhort Years!—Too ſoon did that fell *Ravager* break in, and lay waſte this Scene of Happineſs!—Sir *Frank Novice* met with him at the *Curragh*: From the Race he was ſeduced away to a neighbouring Village by ſome——*Gentlemen* he thought them, but—undeniable it now is——they were the vile Aſſociates of the *Wretch*, that ſtands *there*.—'Twas propoſed to Sport away an Hour; And *Frank*, whoſe honeſt Breaſt never harboured foul Suſpicion, was taken in as far as ten thouſand Pieces. His tender Regard to my Eaſe made him conceal his Anxiety from me——Would he had not!—then perhaps might I have ſaved him—and in hopes of recovering his Loſſes, he ſuffered himſelf to be drawn in to try his Fortune—a ſecond Time—and a Third—and a Fourth—till at length he was forced to have recourſe to marble-hearted Uſurers, to whom he was betrayed by the very *Ruffians*, that had plundered him—But, Sir, I detain you—In a Word, the hard Hand of the Law laid hold on all we had——and from a State of Affluence, from a State of Splendor, am I reduced to ſee my *lovely little Ones* obliged to Strangers for the Bread that ſupports them. And to complete my Wretchedneſs, my dear *Frank*—unable to ſuſtain this ſight of Woe—has entered himſelf aboard a King's Ship, and is, juſt now I hear, under Sail for the *Eaſt-Indies*.—It is not therefore *Redreſs* I aſk.—I am paſt it.—No, Sir,—it is the Happineſs of others I now plead for—that the Wreck of our Fortunes may warn them away from

from the fatal *Shoal*, on which we have perished---- If then, Sir, a Tale of Misery ever drew a Tear from your Eyes---if ever you felt your Heart to melt within you at the Sufferings of others---if you have a Son, whose Prosperity is dear to you---or a Daughter, whom you would screen from *blighting* Poverty---punish the *Villain*---make his Fate an Example to all the like of him---and save the Innocent and Unsuspecting from being what the hapless *Arabella* this Day is!

With Difficulty she spake these last Words---and would have sunk down, had she not been supported by some Persons, that stood near her.

This affecting account had occasioned visible Emotion in the Countenance of the *Justice*. The *Squire* however flattered himself, that he had still one *Argument* in Reserve, which his Worship would hardly be able to resist---My Lord *Strutt* and Sir *James Haughty* have thought fit to honour me with large Certificates of my good Conduct, and Recommendations to Your Worship, signed by themselves. Your Worship will be pleased to cast your Eyes over them ----- No, Sir! --- replied the *Justice*, with a knit Brow, and an Eye, that shot Indignation --None of your Letters to me!--- I am here to receive *Depositions*---- by *them* am I to be determined---and by *them* it is evident, that you are as dangerous a Villain, as ever existed.---For the present, it shall be my Business to see you secured properly.---And my Word for it---the worthy Grand-Jury will take due Care of you, when these Depositions come before them.

His *Worship* then thanked the Prosecutors, Master *Ridge* especially, for their honest Zeal on this important Occasion; and assured them, that the Services they

they had done the Public should not be forgotten.

As for the wicked *Squire*, he was immediately taken into Charge by *George Rat*, who has him now fast in *Newgate*. It is said, he is to be tried next Commission. And 'tis the general Opinion, that he will suffer.

FINIS.

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